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A NEW SPRING OF DIVINE POETRIE.

I. Day *philomusus composuit*

——*ineſt ſua gratia parvis.*



Printed at *London* by *T. C.* for *Humphry Blunden*, at his ſhop neere the Caſtle Taverne, in *Corne-hill*. 1632.

TAke heede, my Muſe, what? patroniz'd by none?
OBen't o're bold; can infants ſtand alone?

MAke haſte unto ſome ſheltring place, or now
INvoke the favour of ſome ſmiling brow,
STirre not abroad, unleſſe ſome gracious eye
TAke pitty on thee in thy infancy.
RAther become a ſilvan Muſe, and then
INvolue thy ſelfe into ſome private den,
SUch times as theſe are not for vulgar notes,

BRought through a ruſticke pipe, but quainter throtes,
RIper inventions, and the nimbleſt wits,
INgenious fancies, ſuch, theſe times befits,
DArſt thou to ſtirre abroad, upheld by none?
GOe, goe and prattle at thy Helicon,
ENdeavour for to get Apolloes bayes,
TIp thou thy ruſticke tongue with ſilver Phraſe,

RIpen thy ſhallow braine, then crouch and ſing
VNder the ſhaddow of ſome ſheltring wing,
DRaw neere, but ſoftly ſpeake, but not to loud,
GEt ſome protection elſe I often voude
EVer to keepe thee in eternall night

Votum Auctoris.

MOst mighty God, thou that alone canst save,
And raise a stinking Laz'rus *from his grave,*
That heal'st the sick, and let'st the tongue-tide speake,
That mak'st the weakest strong, and strongest weake,
Into my fainting Soule, doe thou infuse
Thy Spirit, make my tributary Muse,
Pay stipend at thy footestoole, let her be
No more Apolloes, *onely now for thee,*
Ope thou her sealed lips, that shee may bring
Thee glory: teach, O teach her how to sing.

TO

HIS FRIEND THE AVTHOVR.

FAine would I ſpeake, but yet my tongue ti' de muſe
In Rivers, thirſtleſſe; and when ſhe hath moſt uſe
Of ſpeech, is ſtrucken dumbe: ſhee's plenteous poore,
And knew ſhee leſſe to ſay, ſhee could ſay more.
Shee doth enjoy, and yet ſhee cannot finde
Beginning, too much light hath ſtrucke her blinde;
I could admire thee Iames, *and though in truth*
The downy Characters of blooming youth,
Scarce write thee man, yet if we meaſure yeares
By vertue, thou a Neſtor wilt appeare.
For when moſt men doe fill their greedy mawes
With Comicke laughter, and the ſweaty plauſe
Of vulgar palmes, others write wounding lines,
And will accuſe (though they be worſe) the times.
Thou ſteer'ſt another courſe, and ſpend'ſt thy oyle
In ſacred objects, and in holy toyle,

No ſinfull eloquence thy verſe defames,
No luſtfull ſports, nor Cupidinean *flames,*
Thy Poeſye *doth neither frowne, nor ſmile,*
There's nor Satyricke, *nor* Venereous *ſtile,*
And muſt theſe workes be hid? and car'ſt thou leſſe
To give them to the mothes, then to the Preſſe?
Free them from darkeneſſe Iames, *that they may be*
A light to others, and a crowne to thee;
For ere they ſhall be long obſcur'd, I ſay
Like Phoſphorus *Ile uſher in thee* DAY.

H. G.

TO HIS ESTEEMED LOVING FRIEND *JAMES DAY*, in Commendation of his Booke.

*THy ſhining workes (*O Day*) doe ſeeme ſo bright,*
Surely Thou'lt have an everlaſting light;
If theſe thy radient beames breake forth ſo ſoone,
How glorious will thy ſplendor be at noone:
Tis but thy morning, yet thy Sunne diſplayes
His beauty, and ſends downe his golden rayes,
*Well (*Day*) Ile tell thee this; though envy ſpight*
And Critickes ſnarle, thou'lt never have a night.

The Preface.

YOV *wanton Lads, that ſpend your winged time,*
And chant your eares, in reading luſtfull rime,
Who like transform'd Acteon *range about,*
And beate the woods to finde Diana *out,*
I'ſt this you'ld have? then hence: here's no content
For you, my Muſe ne're knew what Venus *meant;*
But ſtay: I may ſubvert your rude conceit;
And every verſe may proove a heavenly baite:
O that ye were ſuch captives! then youl'd be
Thrice happy: ſuch as theſe are onely free,
Leave, leave your wanton toyes; and let alone
Apollo *ſporting at his* Helicon,
Let Vulcan *deale with* Venus, *whats to thee*
Although ſhee dandle Cupids *on her knee?*
Be not inchanted with her wanton charmes,
Let her not hugge thee in her whoriſh armes,
But wiſely doe (as Neptune *did) in ſpite*
Of all, ſpue out the Lady Aphrodite,
Come, come fond lad, what? would'ſt thou faine eſpye,
A glorious object for thy wandring eye?
And glut thy ſight with beauty? would'ſt behold
A viſage that will make thy Venus *cold?*
If this be all, Ile give thy eye delight:
Come ſee that face that lendes the Sunne his light,

Come ſee that face that makes the heavens to ſhine,
Come ſee that glorious face, that lends thee thine,
Come and behold that face which if thou ſee,
Aright, t'will make the earth a heaven to thee;
Come ſee that gliſtring face from which ariſe
Such glorious beames that dazels Angels eyes,
What canſt have more; but doſt thou thinke that ſuch
A comely viſage will not let thee touch?
Or doſt thou thinke a Sunne that ſhines ſo cleare,
Will ſcorne to let a leſſer Orbe come neere?
No thou miſtak'ſt: ſay, doſt thou truely thirſt,
For him? I dare avouch hee lov'd thee firſt,
Be not diſmaid, It needes no more diſpute,
Come give this glorious face a kinde ſalute.

THE

THE WORLDES *METAMORPHOSIS.*

BEfore all time, when every thing did lye, *The* Chaos.
Wrapt in a *Chaos* of deformity, (ſent
When all things nothing were, and could pre-
No comely frame, no heaven, no element,
No earth, no water, fire or ayre alone
But all as twere compounded all in one,
Then with a word our *Tri-une Iove* did bring,
This nothing *Chaos* into every thing;
Yea then our great *Iehovah* did preſent
A ſeverall region to each element,
Then Time, his houres began to meaſure out,
And he moſt nimbly gariſon'd about,
This new created Orbe: he tooke his flight
And hurried reſtleſſe on both day and night,
His motion was ſo quickē, that ſcarce twas ey'd,
He for ten thouſand worlds won't ſquint aſide,
Nor once turne backe his head; by chance I viewd
His flight. his wings I thought wēre then renewd.

Yea his unwearied feathers did so soare
Swiftly, as if they never flew before,
As when the *Thracians* from their snaky bow
Did make there featherd darts so swiftly goe,
That they out ranne all sight, so time did flie,
As if he strove with winged *Mercurie*;
No weapon all this while for his defence
He bore, he dealt with none but innocence,
And now those foggy mists that so did lye,
Cloyster'd together from eternity
Were all dispersd; yea now twas very bright
And darkenesse was unfetter'd from the light;
When this was done, our great *Iehovah* lent
The world (as yet scarce made) a firmament,
He separated waters wondrous well,
Then Seas with surging billowes ganne to swell,
And tossed to and fro with every wave,
As if the fretfull region would out brave
Her owne Creator; they were not content
With their but now appointed regiment,
Their watry mountaines did so oft aspire
To Heaven, as if they would be placed higher,
But now great *Iove* lookt on they did not dare
Surpasse their stations, nay, nor once impaire
Their bounds, he quickly queld their lusty prankes,
And causd the waves to crouch within their bankes,
When he had conquerd this unruly stran,
Within two dayes he crownes *Leviathan*,
King of the liquid region, and doth give
Ten thousand thousand more with him to live,
Then fruitfull earth which is the Ocean barres
Appeares, and heavens bespangled all with starres,
The Sunne begins his beauty to present,
And proudly danceth up the Orient,

He nor his horſes can no longer ſleepe,
But gallop from the orientall deepe,
He rid ſo faſt that in few houres was ſpide
All bravely wrapt in his meridian pride,
But when he clamber'd to the higheſt brinke,
He view'd the fabricke, then began to ſinke,
And all the way as hee did homewards goe,
He laughed, to ſee ſo brave a frame below,
Still whipping on his Iades, untill his head
Was ſafely laid into his Weſterne bed.
Silver *Lucina* as yet did not enter,
But lay immured within the reeking center,
Whilſt he had mounted on his flaming ſeate,
And viewd a glorious orbe, wondrous, compleate,
With that the purple Lady ſtraight prepares,
Attended with ten thouſand thouſand ſtarres,
Shee clambers up in this her r.ch aray,
And viewes the goodly building all the way,
Sweete ſmiles ſhee caſt from her admiring eye,
Whilſt all her little babes ſtood twinkling by,
Playing the wantons by their mothers ſide,
As if they were inamour'd with the pride
Of ſuch a Fabricke: to expreſſe their mirth,
Some ſhot from heaven, as though they'd liv̄e on Earth,
This done, ſweete *Phœbe* ſoone beganne to drop
Her borrowed beames into her brothers lap,
And ever ſince to ſee this glorious ſight
One laughes at day ; the other ſmiles at night.
And can you blame them? earth is ſpread with bowres,
And trees, and proudly deckt with ſundry flowers,
Shee that ere while in dunghill *Chaos* lay,
Is now with Vi'lets purp'ld every day,

And damaskt all with Roſes, yea ſhees clad
With ſweeter herbes then ever *Ceres* had,
Her fruitfull wombe brings forth moſt dainty cates,
And lovely fruites, theſe are her comely brattes,
No ruſticke Plowman now doth take the paines
To peirce her entrailes, or to ſqueeze her veines,
But heaven and ſhee unites, they ſcorne to ſee
A baſtard weede, diſgrace their pedigree,
Shee's overſpread with pinkes and Daffadillies,
Carnations, Roſes, and the whiteſt Lilies,
Thoſe fondlings lolling in her armes doe lye,
Shaking their heads, and in her boſome dye;
Theſe in their mothers ſides doe take their reſt,
Till they doe drop their leaves into her breſt,
And now the little birds doe every day,
Sit ſinging in the boughs, and chirpe, and play,
The Phesant and the Partridge ſlowly flye,
Vndaunted even before the Faulcons eye,
Now comes *Behemoth* with his Lordly gate,
Gazing, as if he ſtood admiring at
So rich a frame, firſt having fixt his ſight
On glorious earth, he alwayes tooke delight
In viewing that; and would not looke on high,
Nay all the glorious ſpangles of the skye
Could not entice him, ever from his birth
He ſpent his time in looking on the earth.
All other beaſts their greedy eyes did fling
On lovely earth, as did their crowned King:
Yea now the Lion with the Lambe did goe,
And knew not whether blood were ſweete or no,
The little Kids to ſhew their wanton pride,
Came dancing by the loving Tigers ſide,

The Hare being minded with the Hounds to play,
Would give a ſporting touch, and ſo away,
And then returne, being willing to be found,
And take his turne to chace the wanton Hound.
The buſie Mice ſat ſporting all the day,
Meane while the Cat did ſmile to ſee them play.
The Foxe ſtands ſtill, to ſee the Geeſe aſleepe,
The harmeleſſe Wolfe now grazeth with the Sheepē,
Here was no raping, but all beaſts did lye
As link'd in one, O Heavenly Sympathy!
The goodly Paſtures ſpringing from the Clay,
Did wooe their mouthes to banquet, all the way
Was ſpread with dainty herbes, and as they found
Occaſion, they would oft ſalute the ground,
Thoſe uncontrouled creatures then begunne
To ſport, and all lay basking in the Sunne,
No creature was their Lord, gaineſaid by none,
As if that Heaven and earth were all their owne.
Thus when this mighty builder did inrobe
Himſelfe with night, and *Chaos* to a globe
Convert, of this he tooke a ſerions view,
And did as twere create it all anew,
He made a little Orbe, cald man, the ſame,
Onely compacted in a leſſer frame,
For what is all this all, that man in one
Doth not enjoy. A man thats onely blowne
With heavens breath, a man that doth preſent
Life, Spirit, ſenſe, and every element:
Yea in this little world great *Iove* did place
His glorious Image, and this miry face
Was heavens picture, twas this face alone
That ſtill lookt up to his Creators throne,

Then God did make (a place to be admir'd,
Surely twas heaven it selfe had then conspir'd,
To finde it out,) a garden sweetly blowne,
With pleasant fruite, and man's exempt from none,
Of all these plants, except a middle tree,
And what can one among a thousand bee!
O glorious place, that God doth now provide
For durty clay! the earth in all her pride,
He tramples on: and heav'n that's so beset
With spangles and each glistring Chrysolet
Doth give attendance, yea it serves to be
A covering for his head, his Canopie.
Thus man of heaven and earth is all possest,
This span of durt, is Lord of all the rest,
Me think's I see how all the Creatures bring
Their severall Congies to their new made King,
Behemoth which ere while did range about
Vncheckt, and tossing up his bony snowt,
Feard none: now having cast his rowling eyes
Vpon his Lord, see how he crouching lyes,
Behind a sheltring bush, he seemes to be,
Imploring aide of every spreading tree,
The Lyon which ere while was in his pride,
Squinting by chance his gogle-eyes aside,
Espies his King, he dares not stay for haste,
Spues out his meate halfe chaw'd, and will not taste
Of his intended food; but sneakes away,
Counting his life to be his chiefest prey,
It was but now the raven was espide,
Sporting her wings upon the Tigars hide,
But now, O how her feather'd sayles doe soare,
As if shee vowd to touch the earth no more!

See how the Goates doe clamber to the top
Of higheſt mountaines, and the Conies drop
Into their holes, ſee how the Roebucke flings
himſelfe, almoſt exchanging legs for wings.
Why? what's the matter, that ye haſte away,
Ye that ere while, were ſporting all the day?
Tell me yee Creatures, ſay, what fearefull ſight
Hath put you to this unexpected flight?
Speake, ſpeake thou giddy lambe, wer't not thou ſpide
At play but now? why then doſt skip aſide?
What? is it man that frights you? can his face
Stretch out your legs unto their ſwifteſt pace?
Can one looke daunt you all? what neede this bee?
Are ye not made of Clay, as well as hee?
Have ye not one Creator? are ye not
His elder Brothers, and the firſt begot?
Why ſtart ye then? is it not ſtrange to ſee
One weake-one make ten thouſand ſtrong ones flee?
But ah I neede not aske, I know it now,
You ſpied your makers image in his brow.
T'was even ſo indeed, no time to ſtay,
Your Lord was comming, fit, he ſhould have way.
And thus theſe Creatures dares not come in ſight;
Surely t'was heavens *Idea*, cauſd the fright.
Now ſee how flattering earth doth ſtrive alone
To pleaſe this Lord; each tree preſents a done,
See how the fruite hangs with a comely grace,
And wooes his hands to rent them from their place,
O how they bow, and would not have him bring
His hands to them, they bend unto their King,
But if by chance he will not plucke and taſte,
They breake the boughes, and ſo for griefe they waſte.

See how the little pinkes when they eſpie
Their Lord, doe Curtſy as he paſſeth by,
The wanton Dazies ſhake their leavy heads,
The purple Vilets ſtartle from their beds,
The Primroſe ſweete and every flowre that growes,
Beſtrowes his way with odours as he goes;
Thus did the herbes, the trees, the pleaſant flowres
Welcome their Lord into his *Eden* bowres.
But all this while, the earth with all her pride,
Shee nor her ſtore could not aford a bride
Fitting for man, no, no, to end the ſtrife
The man himſelfe muſt yeeld himſelfe a wife,
It was not meete for him to be alone.
Then did our one-in-three our three-in-one
Caſt him into a ſleepe, and did divide
His ribbes, and brought a woman from his ſide.
When this was done, the devill did entice
The wife from Gods, unto his Paradice,
See how the lying ſerpent maketh choiſe
Of the forbidden tree: a tacite voice
It hath indeede moſt lovely to the eye,
Preſents it to her, and ſhee by and by
Forſooth muſt taſte: and ſo muſt *Adam* too.
What cannot women by entreaties doe!
God he intends a wife for mans reliefe,
But oftentimes ſhee prooves the greateſt griefe.
Was there but one forbid? and muſt ſhee bee
So baſe a wretch to taſte of ſuch a tree?
Muſt *Adam* too? Ah ſee how ſhee pluckes downe
Her husbands glory, and kickes off his crowne!
O ſee how angry God himſelfe comes downe,
To curſe theſe wretches! heaven begins to frowne,

Alas

Alas poore naked ſoules, me thinkes I ſee
Transformed *Adam* crouch behind a tree,
T'is time to runne when once God doth reject him,
Tis not his leavy armour can protect him,
Heaven and hell with all the ſpight they can
Strive for revenge againſt this monſter man.
O how the Creatures frowne, and bend their brow,
As if they all conſpir'd and tooke a vow
Againſt this caytive, hearke how earth complaines
That ſhee by man is barrd of mod'rate raines,
Shees now become a ſtrumpet, fruitfull ſeedes,
And dainty flowers, are turn'd to baſtard weedes,
Diſrob'd of all her glory, loſt her pride,
The creatures now lie ſtarving by her ſide,
O how ſhee ſighes, and ſends up hideous cryes,
To ſee poore cattell fall before her eyes,
For want of foode: they rip their mothers wombe
For meate, but finding none, doe makt their tombe,
Harke how the buls and angry Lyons roare
To heaven, and tell how man decreaſt their ſtore,
Heare how the little Lambes which yeſterday
Did honour to their King, and gave him way,
O how they begge for vengeance to come downe
On man, and diſpoſſeſſe him of his Crowne,
See, ſee what raping and what cruell thrall
Is us'd: tis man alone that murders all,
The Lion mild ere while for want of foode,
Doth fill his paunch with unaccuſtom'd blood,
The wolfe which lately was more apt to keepe
The tender lambes, now proſecutes the ſheepe,
Surely the ravenous beaſts (did not they ſpye
The glimpſe of heaven within mans purblind eye,)

Would

Would ſtraight devoure him, did not mercy now
Come downe and ſmooth her fathers wrinkled brow:
The earth would ſcorne to beare him, but divide
Her ſelfe, and make this *Dathan* ſincke in pride;
The earth would not indure the plough to paſſe
Into her iron ſides, the heavens as braſſe
Would ſoone become, and both doe what they can
To ſtarve up this deformed monſter man.
See how this Caytife cauſeth diſcontent,
And raiſeth diſcord in each element,
How often have I ſeene the raging fire
Vnto the top of higheſt Towres aſpire,
And clamber mighty buildings? tis unbound,
Surely t'would burne the fabricke to the ground,
Did not our God looke from his mercy ſeat,
And make the watry ſiſter quell the heate.
How is the ayre poyſned with miſty fogges,
And churliſh vapours; onely ſuch that clogs
The Corps with deadly humours, ſuch that brings
The Peſtilence, yea ſuch that quickely flings
Loathſome diſeaſes alwayes tipt with death,
Did not *Iove* fanne it with his mighty breath.
Harke how the impatient ſeas beginne to thunder,
As if they'd rent their priſon walls in ſunder;
See how the mounting waves doe ſwiftly flye
To heaven, as if they meant to tell the skye
How baſely man hath dealt: O how they roare,
Beating their foming waves againſt the ſhore,
Chiding their ſiſter earth that dares to beare
So baſe a wretch; ſee how the waves doe teare
Her bowels, and with all the ſpight they can
Strive for to drowne this wretched Caytife man.

CHRISTS

CHRISTS BIRTH AND PASSION.

THou moſt Sacred Dove that I may writē
Thy praiſes, drop thou from thy ſoaring flight
A quill: come aide my muſe, for ſhee intends
To ſing ſuch love no mortall comprehends,
Guide thou her ſtamring tongue, and let her be
Strongly protected in her infancy,
Then ſhee'll tell how the King of Kings by birth
Forſooke his throne, to live on dunghill earth,
Then ſhee'le declare how great creating *love*,
Whoſe ſtarre-bepaved pallace is above
All whoſe attendance is a glorious troopē,
Of glitt'ring cherubs, unto whom doe ſtoope
Each glorious Angell, flinging himſelfe downe,
Preſenting at his feete his pearely crowne,
To be his pallace heaven it ſelfe's not meete,
And dunghill earth's too little for his feete;
Yet this great King-creating King did ſlide
To earth, and laid his Diadem aſide,
Exchanging it for thornes, and did untire
His glorious ſelfe, and clad himſelfe in mirē;

At whoſe appearance ſinging Angels ſhot
Like ſtarres from heaven (newes nere to be forgot)
Yea winged Cherubs from the higheſt came
As Heavens Heralds to divulge his fame.
All heaven did obeyſance but for earth
(Vngratefull ſoile unworthy of the birth
Of ſuch a babe) twas readier to intombe
The dying Lord, then to afford a roome,
Proud *Salem* was too high to entertaine
Poore *Maries* babe, twas kept for *Herods* traine,
And *Rome* that ſeavenhild Citty was too greate
To lodge this Child, tis *Cæſars* royall ſeate,
T'is *Bethlem*, little *Bethlem* muſt ſuffice
To lighten *Ioſephs* Conforts weary thighes,
And thats almoſt too proud to lodge him in,
No private houſe, but even a vulgar Inne,
And tha're not harbourd in the choiſeſt roomes,
No, not ſo well as with the common groomes,
But this (ah moſt unworthy) worthy gueſts
Is thruſt (and gladly too) among the beaſts,
He that before was wont to take his reſt,
All coverd in his fathers ſilken breaſt,
Is now conſtrained to lay his worthy head,
Vpon an undeſerved ſtrawy bed,
He that was wont to heare the pleaſant tones
Of ſweete-voyc'd Angels, now the ſaddeſt grones
Of dolefull *Mary*, mixt with briniſh teares,
Theſe onely theſe are harbour'd in his eares,
The Babe is ſcarcely borne, but ſought to dye,
As yet not learn'd to goe, but forc'd to flye,
And to avoid the Tetrarchs furious Curſe,
Hard hearted *Egypt's* now become a Nurſe,

Hee

He that can make both Heaven and earth to dread,
Loe patiently takes all, and hides his head,
Yet hee'le returne, no, not the bitter wrongs,
Nor ſpightfull uſage, nor the ſmarting thongs,
Nor ſharpeſt ſcourges, no nor blackeſt hell,
Can quench the boundleſſe love, nor yet expell
His ſtrong affections, let the traitors ſet
A thorny crowne on's head, and alſo wet
His glorious face with ſpittle, and deride,
And ſcourge till blood falls trickling downe his ſide,
Nay though he be conſtrain'd to leave his breath,
And's dying ſoule is heavy unto death,
He can't but ſmile upon his bitter foe,
And love the traitors whe're they will or no,
Yet ſee how ſordid man repayeth all
His kindneſſe, with an undeſerved thrall,
Whil'ſt he (ſad ſoule) lay proſtrate all alone,
Faſt fixing both his eyes at heavens throne,
And ſending up ſuch ſighes, as though he'd make
The weakned vaults of heaven and earth to ſhake,
His ſweate dropt downe like dew, and as he ſtood
He ſtaind Mount Olives with his Crimſon blood,
Whilſt all his ſad Diſciples drowſy lye,
Scarce able to hold up a ſluggiſh eye,
Now he's betraid by *Iudas*, he that bore
The bagge, and was intruſted with the ſtore,
He that did ſcorne the traitors name, and cry,
Who ſhall betray thee Lord? Lord ſpeake? is't I?
Yet now an abject Chriſt becomes, to be,
And thirty pence is valu'd more then he,
The bloody ſteward with a treacherous kiſſe
Forſooke his Maſter and eternall bliſſe,

And sould the body of a Lord so good
To souldiers, such as thirsted after blood,
And then for feare the Innocent should passe
Vntoucht, was straight accused by *Caiaphas*,
Condemn'd by *Pontius Pilate*, to expell
The guilt, he washt his hands, and all was well,
O see what force weake water had to quench
His sparkling Conscience, and his flaming sence!
Alas not *Nilus*, no nor *Iordans* flood
Can cleanse the staines of such a Crimson blood;
No tis the streames of a repenting eye
Tis onely this takes out a scarlet dye,
Thus our *Astrea* stands arraign'd to dye
And nothing's to be heard but *Crucifye*:
When this alarum sounded to the hight
And heav'n and hell conspired both to fight
Against this Captaine, then his daunted troope
Forsooke their Lord, each soule began to droope;
Yet gracious he imparted his renowne
He wonne the battell and gave them the Crowne,
Yea he became a curse that knew no sinne
He was inrob'd and disinrob'd ag'in,
His temples crown'd with thornes, his glorious face
Was spit upon and beate with all disgrace
That abject slaves could use, and then they cry,
To blinded Christ who beate thee? prophecy.
Ah stupid soules as if that piercing sight
That viewes all secrets in the darkest night,
That tries the thoughts of every heart, and stares
Into each soule is now as blind as theirs;
Thus was he basely us'd, but all's not done
The hell-invented fury is to come,

By vulgar slaves the very Sonne of God
Is falsely scourg'd and forc'd to kisse the rod,
Yea he whose nostrils able are to cast
Out flame, and burne the world at every blast,
Whose mighty breath is able for to fanne
Ten thousand worlds, and puffe out every man
Like chaffe, and make the slanting world to tosse
Like waves, is now compeld to beare his crosse;
Whereon his body in a vulgar streete
Hung naked pierc'd with nayles both hands and feete:
The well of water, he that gave the first
To all his creatures, now's himselfe a thirst,
Yea he to whom all thirsty creatures call
For drinke, must now drinke vinegar with gall,
They pierc'd his side from whence came watry blood,
More soveraigne farre then all *Bethesda's* flood,
These tyrants thus (though to themselves denide)
Did make a way to heaven through his side.
Alas my muse for sighes can scarce prolong
The fatall tuning of so dire a song,
To see heavens faire *Idea* seeme so foule
Sobbing and sighing out his burdned soule,
Those eyes which now seeme dim, were once so bright,
From hence it was that *Phœbus* begd his light,
Those armes which now hang weake did from their birth
Support the tottring vaults of heaven and earth,
That tongue that now lyes speechlesse in his head,
A word of that would soone revive the dead,
One touch of those Pale fingers would suffice
To heale the sicke and make the dead man rise:
Those legges which now are peircd by abject slaves
were kindly entertaind amongst the waves:

The coate whoſe warmth did give his ſides reliefe
The hem, the very hem could cure a griefe ;
But now ſtrength's weake, th'omnipotent's a crying
For aid, health's ſicke and life it ſelfe's a dying,
His head hangs drooping and his eyes are fixt,
His weakned armes growne pale, the ſunne's eclipſt
(O boundleſſe love, thus thus thou didſt expoſe
Thy ſelfe to damned paines to ſave thy foes)
Hell fought againſt him, heaven began to frowne
And juſtice ſoone ſent vengeance poſting downe,
Who clad with fury, being angry ſhakes
Her ugly head whoſe haire doth nurture ſnakes,
Shee layes about her greedy of her prey
Quencheth her thirſt with blood and ſo away,
And mercy now lies cover'd in a cloud
And will not heare although his ſighes are loud
(Although his cries are ſuch that cauſe a ſtone
To heare, yet ſinne makes heav'n forget her owne)
Heav'n frownes as if ſhee had her owne forgot,
Mercy lookes off as if ſhee knew him not,
He ſuffred paines that hell it ſelfe deviſd,
So much, that juſtice cride I am ſuffic'd :
His tortures were ſo high, ſo great, ſo ſore,
That hell cride out: I can inflict no more :
Which done the heavens cloſd up their lamping light
And turn'd the day into a diſmall night;
Bright *Phœbus* vaild his face and would not ſee,
Wormes actors of ſo bloody treachery :
And quivering earth her wonted rigour lackt
And ſtraight ſtood trembling at ſo dire a fact :
The buri'd Saints aroſe to ſee betwixt
Two dusky clouds, their glorious Sunne eclipſt :

Thus

Thus heav'n it ſelfe with the terreſtriall *Ball*
Doth joyne to celebrate his funerall:
The Landlord of the globe who firſt did raiſe
Earths fabricke, was a tenant for three dayes;
But when once Chriſt did ceaſe to be turmoyld
Heaven and he was gladly reconcil'd,
Mercy came dancing from the angry denne
Toſt off her cloudy mantle, ſmild againe,
Pearch'd on her brighteſt throne, and makes a vow
To ſmooth the wrinckled furrowes of her brow:
And grim fac'd vengeance ſhee thats onely fed
With poyſon, dares not ſhew her ſnaky head
For feare: all angers baniſht cleane away,
Sterne juſtice now hath not a word to ſay,
And now the Fathers anger being done
Double imbraces entertaine the Sonne:
As when a tender mother ſometime beates
Her wanton boy for his unruly feates
Shee wipes his blubberd face and by and by
Preſents a thouſand gugoyes to his eye,
Shee angry with her ſelfe beginnes to ſeeke
His former love teares trickling downe her cheeke,
Quickly forgetting what was done amiſſe,
Ending her anger in a lovely kiſſe,
Doubtleſſe her fondling burnes the rod and then
Come peace my babe kiſſe and be friends agen.
Iuſt ſo when God inflicted on his Sonne
His bittreſt wrath, the anger being done
O then how ſoone he doubled his renowne?
Adorn'd his Temple with a richer Crowne?
Angry with thoſe that would not heare his moane
Ready to fling grim vengeance from his throne,

And chide with mercy ſhee that once did runne
To hide her ſelfe from this his dying Sonne,
And for this fact would ſurely overthrow
The fabricke, did not Iuſtice hold the blow.
Thus heaven was friends againe, but ſordid man
Poore mortall duſt whoſe dayes are but a ſpan
Doth ſtrive againſt his God, like dogges that ſtorme
And barke and brawle and fome at *Phœbes* horne:
Ah Lord, why are they ſo extreame to thee?
What is the cauſe thou madſt their blind men ſee?
Or why didſt thou their fury thus inrage?
Becauſe thou didſt revive their dead mens age?
Me thinkes tis ſtrange good God thou ſhouldſt enflame
Their anger by reſtoring legges too lame.
How is it Lord thou ſowedſt glorious ſeedes
And loe a harveſt all compact of weedes?
Thou gaveſt them life, and ſpentſt thy deareſt breath
For them, and now thou art repaid with death:
What griefe was ere like thine? would not thy mone
Quickly diſſolve an adamantine ſtone?
Wold not thoſe ſighs (which could not peirce their eares)
Have turnd a rocke into a ſea of teares?
Would not thoſe wrongs thou bor'ſt without reliefe,
Make every cave, to echo out thy griefe?
For greedy Lions are more kind then men,
They entertaind thy limbe within their denne:
Forget their wonted humours and became
As carefull ſhepherdes to thy tender Lambe,
The croking raven, ſhee whoſe natures wilde
Became a tender nurſe unto thy Childe,
And to obey thy voice the ſtony rocke
Became a ſpringing fountaine to thy flocke,

Yea

Yea rather then thy babes ſhall live in thrall,
The very ſea it ſelfe provides a wall,
The flames forget their force, through thy conſtraint
Loſe heate and know not how to burne a Saint,
Yea when thy ſouldiers wanted day to fight,
The Sun ſtood ſtill and lent them longer light:
When boiſtrous ſeas did ſhew their luſty prancks,
Scorning to be impriſon'd in their banckes,
And with their billowes vaulted up ſo high,
As if they meant to ſcale the ſtarry sky,
And boundleſſe *Boreas* from his frozen Cave
Ruſht out and proudly challeng'd every wave,
One nod of thine did quell thoſe ſeas agen,
And ſent proud *Boreas* to his ſullen denne:
Thus thou the ſenſeleſſe creatures oft did'ſt checke,
And mad'ſt the proudeſt pliant to thy becke,
For devils trembled and that breath of thine
Made them ſeeke ſhelter in a heard of ſwine,
They knew thy greatneſſe and confeſt thy name.
Hell ſent forth Heraulds to divulge thy fame
But man(Lord whats he made of?) ſtupid ſoule
Is now more greedy then the raping foule:
Harder then flint, his nature is ſo grimme,
That queſtionleſſe the Lyon chang'd with him:
Hotter then flame, more boyſtrous then the winde,
More fierce then waves, and hels not more unkinde.
Yet thou (O matchleſſe love) didſt undergoe
An undeſerved curſe to ſave thy foe:
Yea guiltleſſe thou becauſe thou would'ſt ſuffice
For guilty man, becom'ſt a Sacrifice.
Thou Grand Phyſitian for thy patients good
Didſt mixe thy Phyſicke with thy deareſt blood:

Man from the sweetest flower did sucke his griefe
But thou from venome didst extract reliefe,
From pleasures *limbecke* man distild his paine
Thou out of sorrow pleasure drawd againe,
Sweete *Eden* was the garden where there grew
Such sugred flowers, yet there our poyson blew,
Sad *Gethseman* the arbour where was pluckt,
Though bitter herbes, yet thence was hony suckt:
So have I seene the busie Bee to feed,
Extracting honey from the sowrest weed,
Whilst Spiders wandring through a pleasant bowre
Sucke deadly poyson from the sweetest flower,
Thus, thus sweete Christ, thy sicknesse was our health,
Thy death, our life, thy poverty our wealth,
Thy griefe our mirth, our freedome was thy thrall,
Thus thou by being conquerd conquerest all.

Cant. 8.7.

Much water cannot quench love, neither can the floods drowne it.

O How my heart is ravisht! thoughts aspire
To thinke on thee my Christ: my zeales on fire,
What shall I doe my love? me thinkes mine eyes
Behold thee still, yet still I Tantalize;
Ten thousand lets stand arm'd and all agree,
Conspiring how to part my love and me.
Presumption like *Olympus* scales the skye,
A mountaine for to part my Love and I.

Despairē

Despaire presents a gulfe, a greedy grave
Much like the jawes of the infernall Cave:
But what of this? though hils are nere so high
Whose sunne-confronting tops upbraide the skye
Ile trample o're, and make them know tis meete
Their proudest heads should stoope and kisse my feete:
Ile stride o're cares deeper then *Neptunes* well,
Whose threatning jawes doe yawne as wide as hell:
Although the sea boyles in her angry tides
And watry mountaines knocke at Heavens sides,
Though every puffe of *Neptunes* angry breath
Should raise a wave and every wave a death,
Ile scorne his threates should stop my course, or quell
My pace, though every death presents a hell:
Yea Ile adventure through those swelling stormes
Whose billowes seemes to quench great *Phœbes* hornes,
Mountaines shall be as molehilles, every wave
Tost in the fretfull region, shall outbrave
No more then streames that shew their wanton prancks,
Gliding along by Thames his petty banckes;
But grant that seas should swell, and tossing tides
With stormes should crush my waving vessels sides:
Suppose for footemen mountaines are too steepe,
Each hill too high, and every cave too deepe:
Suppose all earth conspire to stop: care I?
My faith will lend me wings and then Ile flye:
O how Ile laugh to see that mounting clay!
O how Ile smile at that that stopt my way!
O how I laugh to see the Ocean straine
Her banckes for to oppose and all in vaine!
And can you blame me? when I'me once above
Ile care for none, for none but thou my Love.

Thou art my path: I ſhall not goe awry:
My ſight ſhall never faile: thou art my eye:
Thou art my clothing: I ſhan't naked be:
I am no bondman: thou haſt made me free;
I am not pin'd with ſickeneſſe: thou art health:
I am no whit impoveriſht, thou art wealth.

Mans naturall infirmity.

WHat meanes my God? why doſt preſent to me
Such glorious objects? can a blind man ſee?
Why doſt thou call? why doſt thou becken ſo?
Wouldſt have me come? Lord can a Cripple go?
Or why doſt thou expect that I ſhould raiſe
Thy glory with my voice? the dumbe can't praiſe.
Vnſcale my duskye eyes, then Ile expreſſe
Thy glorious objects ſtrong attractiveneſſe:
Dip thou my limbes in thy *Betheſdaes* lake,
Ile ſcorne my earthly crutches, Ile forſake
My ſelfe: touch thou my tongue and then Ile ſing
An *Allelujah* to my glorious King.
Raiſe me from this my grave, then I ſhall be
Alive, and Ile beſtow my life on thee
Till thou *Eliah*-like doſt overſpread
My limbs, I'me blind, I'me lame, I'me dumbe, I'me dead:

The Melancholicke Soules comfort.

OThat I had a ſweete melodious voice!
O that I could obtaine the chiefeſt choice

Of

Of ſweeteſt muſicke! pre-thee *David* lend
Thy well-reſounding harpe, that I may ſend
Some praiſes to my God: I know not how
To pay by ſongs my heart-reſolved vow:
How ſhall I ſing good God? thou doſt afford
Ten thouſand mercies, trebled ſongs O Lord
Cannot requite thee! O that I could pay
With lifetime ſongs the mercies of one day!
I oft beginne to ſing, and then before
My ſongs halfe finiſht, God gives ſenſe for more.

Alas poore ſoule art puzzeld? canſt not bring
Thy God ſome honour though thou ſtrive to ſing?
The Cauſe is this, thou art become his debter
Heele make thee play on muſicke that is better.

I Cannot play, my ſobs doe ſtop my courſe,
My grones doe make my muſicke ſound the worſe.

What nought but grones? ah ſhall th' Almighties eares
Be fild with ſighes all vſherd in with teares?

I this is *muſicke*: ſuch a tune prolongs
Gods love, and makes him liſten to thy ſongs:
Tis this that makes his raviſht ſoule draw nigher,
Tis this outſtrips the *Thracian* with his *Lyre*,
Tis this *inchants* thy God, tis this alone (tone:
That *drags* thy ſpouſe from heaven to heare thy
No better Muſicke then thy ſobs and cries,
If not a Davids harpe, get Peters eyes.

The Soule in love with Chriſt.

WHat though my Love doth neate appeare?
And makes *Aurora* bluſh to ſee her?

Though *nature* paints her cheekes with red
And makes proud *Venus* hide her head?
What though her crimſon lips ſo mute
Doe alwayes *wooe* a new ſalute,
What though her wanton eyes doe ſhine
Like gliſtring ſtarres and *dazell* mine?
Tis Chriſt alone,
Shall be my owne,
Tis him I will embrace,
Tis he ſhall be
A Spouſe to me,
All beauty's in his face.

What though the *earth* for me prepares
A *preſent* from her golden *Quarres,*
And braggeth of her earely gaines,
Exhauſted from her ſilver vaines?
What though ſhee ſhew her *painted brates*
And bids me ſmell her *Violates*?
And deckes her ſelfe in ſpring attire,
To make my raviſht ſoule admire?
Yet all this ſhant
My Soule inchant
Ile ſmile to ſee her pride
I know where lies
A better prize
For Chriſt hath broch'd his ſide.

What though the world doth me invite
And daily play the *Paraſite*?
Or with her gilded tales intice
Me, to a ſeeming *Paradiſe*?
And *paints* her face and all day long
Sits breathing out a *Syrens* ſong?

And

And ſhewes her pompe, and then in fine
Tells me, that ſhee and hers are mine:
Yet none of this,
Shall be my bliſſe,
Ile ſcorne the painted whore
I will deride
Her and her pride
For Chriſt is this and more.
What though infinuating *pleaſure,*
Preferres me to her chiefeſt treaſure
And every day, and every night
Doth *feede* me with a new delight
And ſlumbers me with lullaby
Dandling me on her *whoriſh thigh:*
What though with her ſublime pretencēs
Shee ſtrives *t'impriſon all* my ſenſes:
Yet ſhee ſhant be
A trap to me
Her freedome is but thrall,
Her greateſt coy
Will but annoy,
Till Chriſt doth ſweeten all.
Or what though profit with her *Charmes*
Graſping the *world* within her armes
Vnlades her ſelfe: and bids me ſee
What paines ſhee takes, and all for me;
And then invites me to her bower
Filling my coffers every houre:
What though ſhee thus inlarge my ſtore
With every day a *thouſand* more:
Yet let her packe
And turne her backe,

Her

Her pureſt gold's but droſſe
Her greateſt paines
Produce no gaines
Till Chriſt come all is loſſe.

Or what though *Fortune* ſhould preſent
Her high Olympicke regiment.
And never my *Ambition* checke,
But ſtill be *pliant* to my becke:
What though ſhe lends me wings to flie
Vnto the top of Dignity,
And make proud *Monarches* with her wheele
Vncrowne their heads to *Crowne* my heele,

Ile not depend
On ſuch a friend,
Tis Chriſt is all my ſtay:
Shee can revoke
The higheſt ſpoke,
Her wheeles turnd every day.

Let none of theſe in me take place:
Fond *Venus* hath a *Vulcans* face:
And ſo till *heaven* be pleaſd to *ſmile*
Poore *earth* ſits *barren* all the while:
The *world* thats apt to winne a foole
It is my burden, not my ſtoole:
Nor *pleaſure* ſhall enchant my mind,
Shees *ſmooth* before, but *ſtings* behind:

I will diſdaine
Their greateſt gaine,
And fortun's but a feather,
Tis none of theſe
Can give me eaſe,
But Chriſt's the ſame for ever.

Lord

Lord why hideſt thou thy face from me.

WHat drowſie weather's this? the angry skies
Doe threaten ſtormes, and heav'n it ſelfe denies
Her lovely viſage, ah theſe darkned dayes
Doe make my vitals drowſie, and decayes
My ſoules delight: good God can I controule
Or drive theſe penſive humours from my ſoule?
Ah no I can't my lively ſpirits keepe,
Such drowſie weather's fit for nought but ſleepe.
O thou eternall light that haſt the ſway
In *Ioves* broad wals, thou ſcepter of the day, (eye,
Thou heav'ns bright torch, thou gliſtring worlds bright
Why doſt thou hide and ſo obſcurely lye?
Come wrap thy ſelfe in thy compleate attire,
Shew forth thy glory, make my ſoule admire
Thy ſplendor, come and doe no longer ſtay
But with thy glorious beames *beſtrow my way*,
Extirpe theſe foggy *miſts* from out mine eyes,
That I may plainly ſee where heaven lyes.
Then Ile awake, ſweete Chriſt, doe thou diſplay
Thy *glittering beames*, ſend out a *Summers day*,
I'le rub my ſlumbring eyes, O then I'le roame
A *life-time journey* from my *native home*:
The ſoule will ſleepe and can't hold up her eyes
Vntill the ſunne of righteouſneſſe ariſe.

Christs Resurrection.

COme *Rise my heart*, thy *Master's* risen,
Why slug'st thou in thy *grave?*
Dost thou not know he broke the prison?
Thou art no more a slave.

He rowled of the sealed *stone*
That once so pondrous lay,
And left the *watchmen* all alone
And bravely scapt away.

When *flesh*, the *world*, and *Satan* too
Wont suffer thee to quatch,
Learne of thy *Master* what to doe
And cozen all the watch.

Let not these clogging ēarthly things
Make thee (poore soule) forsake him,
Goe, ask of *Faith*, she'le lend thee *wings*,
Haste, fly, and *overtake him.*

But harke my *soule*, I'le tell thee where
Thy *Master* sits in state:
Goe knocke at heavens dore, for there
He entred in of late.

If *Peter* now had kept the key
Thou mightst get in with ease,
But *Iustice* onely beares the sway
And lets in whom shee please.

Shee's wondrous ſterne and ſuffers not
A paſſenger to enter,
Without thy *Maſters ticket* got
Thou mayſt not touch her *Center.*

But come my *ſoule*, let me adviſe,
What needſt thou to implore
The *Saints* for ayde? I know where lies
For thee a *private doore.*

Doſt not remember ſince the pride
Of baſe perfidious men
Did thruſt thy Maſter through the ſide
(Wert not thou wounded then.)

When *Iuſtice* is ſo ſterne that thou
Vnto a ſtraight art driven,
(Come hearke and I will tell thee now)
Creepe through that wound to heaven.

Sanctificat.

O My *head*, alas my *bones*,
O my wounded joynts doe *ſmart*,
Fleſh ere while as hard as ſtones,
Now it *akes* in every part:
Lord 'tis thy Art.

All thy *Iudgements* could not ſcare
Me, nor make my ſoule to fly,
Now one *angry looke* can reare
Me, and make me penſive lye
In miſery.

Lord there where I tooke my riſe,
There did I begin to reele,
Surfetted in Paradiſe,
And there I got a *bruiſed heele*,
Which now I feele.

Surely my diſeaſe was great,
Sicke, and yet I felt no *paine*;
Hungry, yet I could not *eate*:
Sore, yet could I not *complaine*:
Yet all was gaine.

For, good God, thy care was ſuch
That thou gaveſt me much reliefe,
Yea thou lendedſt me a *Crutch*,
And didſt make me know my griefe:
Lord thou art chiefe.

Thou haſt made the *rocke* to weepe
And my *ſtony heart* to groane,
Thou haſt rais'd me from my ſleepe,
And doſt ſmile to heare my tone;
And lov'ſt my mone.

But what need'ſt thou lend a *Crutch*,
Thou canſt make me *perfect* whole?
Thou canſt heale me with a *touch*,
By this thou know'ſt a woman ſtole,
Cure for her dole.

When leave I this halting pace?
When ſhall I moſt perfect be?
When thou ſhalt my gliſtring face,
In the land of glory ſee.
Lord perfect mē.

A Meditation on a Mans ſhadow.

WHen as the *Sunne* flings downe his richeſt rayes,
And with his ſhining beames adornes my wayes,
See how my *ſhadow* trackes me where I goe,
I *ſtop*, that *ſtops*; I *walke*, and that doth ſo:
I *runne* with winged flight, and ſtill I ſpye
My waiting *ſhadow* runne as faſt as I.
But when a *ſable cloud* doth diſaray
The Sunne, and robs me of my ſmiling day:
My *ſhadow* leaves me *helpeleſſe* all alone,
And when I moſt neede comfort I have none:
Iuſt ſo it is; let him that hath the hight
Of outward pompe, expect a *paraſite*:
If thou art great, thy *honours* will draw nigh:
Theſe are the *ſhadowes* to proſperity:
O how the *worldlings* make purſuite to thee,
With cap in hand and with a bended knee:
But if *diſaſtrous fate* ſhould come betwixt
Thee and thy Sunne, thy ſplendor's all eclipſt:
Thy *friends* forſake thee, and thy ſhadow's gone,
And thou (poore ſunne-leſſe thou) art left alone,
This is thy *Soules* eſtate, the worldly gaine
And greateſt pompe, in ſtormy times are vaine:
They are but *ſhadowes* when diſtreſſe comes nigh,
They are as nothing to a faithfull eye.
Yet here's my comfort Lord, if I can ſee
My *ſhadow*, I muſt needes a *ſubſtance* be.
O let me not with worldly ſhadowes clogge
My ſelfe, grant me more wit then Eſops dogge.

A Meditation on Childrens raſhneſſe.

WHen Mothers are deſirous for to play
The wantons with their babes, and ſhew the way
To finde their feete: to give their brats content,
They wagge their ſporting fingers, and preſent
A *penny* in the forehead, or ſome *pap*,
To win the Children to the *Mothers lap*:
How ſoone will they their little griſſels ſtretch,
And runne apace, aſpiring for to fetch
This petty object? never caring though
Their way be full of ſtumbling blockes below:
Thou art that *Mother Lord*, thou uſeſt charmes,
And ſtill art dandling, Chriſt within thine armes
Preſents moſt glorious objects to our eyes,
And ſhewes us where thy choiſeſt mercies lies;
Why then are we ſo backward? why ſo ſlow?
Or why ſo loth into thy armes to goe?
Small molehils ſeeme as mountaines in our way,
And every *light affliction* makes us ſtay:
Why ſhould we ſtop at petty ſtrawes below?
Make us thy *Children Lord* we ſhant doe ſo.

A Meditation on a good Father having a bad Sonne.

QVerkus of late was minded to diſpute
Of this, *A tree thats good brings forth good fruite.*
Hence he concludes ſuch parents that have bin
Converted, bring forth children void of ſinne.

Peace

Peace *Querkus* peace, and hold thy tongue for ſhame
Doſt not perceive that thy concluſion's lame?
May *not a graine thats free from chaffe and cleare*
Caſt in the ground, bring forth a chaffy eare.

A Meditation on a Weathercocke.

SEe how the trembling *Weathercocke* can find
NOe ſetled place, but turnes with every wind,
If *bluſtring Zephyr* blowes and gives a checke,
How ſoon's this cocke made pliant to his becke,
If *Boreas* gets the day, twill change its ſide,
And turne in ſpite of *bragging Zephyrs* pride:
Thus *temporizers turne* at every puffe,
And yet forſooth they thinke they're good enough,
If ſtand, they ſtand: if he that ſeemes to be
The greateſt turne, they turne as faſt as he,
I wonder at ſuch wav'ring feathers, did I
So often turne t'would make me wondrous giddy.
Lord let that wind that blowes upon thy flocke,
Turne me, and make me Lord thy weathercocke.

A Meditation on Cockfighting.

SEe how thoſe angry creatures diſagree,
WHilſt the ſpectators fit and laugh to ſee.
Doe not two neighbours often doe the ſame,
Whilſt that the Lawyers laugh to ſee the game?

A Meditation on an Echo and a Picture.

SEe how *Apelles* with his curious art,
Pourtraies the picture out in every part:
If he can give't a *voyce*, no doubt he can
Compleatly make the ſhape a living man:
Surely his worke would to his praiſe redound,
Could he but give the ſhape he made, a *ſound*:
What wants the Echo of a living creature
But *Shape*: and what but *voice* this comely feature?
Yet *both can't meete together*: *God alone*,
Will have this ſecret Art to be his owne.

A Meditation on Noahs Dove.

WHen God the floods from lands did undivide
And made the skye aſpiring mountaines hide,
When heaven raind ſeas, and fountaines were unbound,
And all mankind except eight ſoules were drownd;
Then did *Ioves Pilot Noah* make an Arke
And thruſt this little world into a barke:
Yea then he ſent a *Dove* to range about
The Floods, to anſwer his uncertaine doubt:
O how ſhee wanders up and downe the Seas,
Fluttring her weary wings but findes no eaſe!
Shee ſees no food, no reſting place, no parke,
But ſoone returnes into her wiſhed Arke.
Obſerve how tender *Noah*, full of Love,
Opens the window to this weary Dove.

Puts

Puts forth his hands to meete her, takes her in,
But by and by ſhee flutters out agin:
Shee findes an *Olive leafe*, and that ſhee brings
Betweene her bill, hov'ring her tyred wings
Vpon the Arke: ſtill *Noah* is the ſame,
Lets in his wandring Dove thats now made tame
With reſtleſſe flight; once more ſhee gets away,
And now ſhee ſpies the earth (that lately lay
Sok'd in the impartiall deluge) in her pride,
Adornd with dainty hearbes on every ſide;
When food is plenty, this ungratefull Dove
Forgets her *Noah*, and his former love:
Minds nothing but her ſelfe, ſhee that before
Did crouch unto thee Arke, returnes no more.
Thou art that Noah Lord, and Chriſt the boate,
Afflictions are the waters that doe floate:
Man is that wandring Dove, that often flies
Vnto his Chriſt for ſhelter, elſe he dyes.
How apt are we good God to uſe our wings,
And flye to thee when all theſe *outward things*
With floods are drowned up, though we have bin
So vile, how apt art thou to catch us in?
O how our God when we have bin aſtray
Puts forth his armes to meete us in the way,
And take us home! we are no ſooner in
But by and by we flutter out agin:
This time by chance like *Noahs* Dove we ſee,
The upper branches of ſome *Olive* tree,
I *meane ſome petty ſhelter*: ſtill we flye
Vnto our God for aide or elſe we dye.
How apt are we, when outward things forſake us,
To haſte to God? how apt's our God to take us?

The third time we are gone, now floods are huſht
The Sun confronting mountaines bravely waſht,
The Seas give p'ace, the loweſt vallies ſeene,
Yea all the earth moſt ſweetly deckt in greene:
Now we forget our God and poſt away,
And after make an everlaſting ſtay:
When worldly wealth comes in, and we can reſt
Vpon the creature: O how we deteſt
Our former refuge! if we find a Parke,
We ne're returne unto our wonted Arke.

A Meditation on a Shippe.

MArke how the *floting veſſell* ſhewes her *pride*
And is extold with every *lofty tide*;
But when it *ebbes*, and all the floods retire
See how the bragging barke is *plunged in mire*:
Iuſt ſo good God, how apt are we to *ſwim*
When mercies fill our banckes unto the brim?
When worldly wealth appeares, and we can ſee
Such outward bleſſings flow: *then who but we?*
But when it *ebbes*, and thou doſt once unlinke
Theſe mercies from us: O *how ſoone we ſinke*;
Good God let not the great eſtate poſſeſſe
Me with preſumption, nor deſpaire the leſſe:
Let me not ſinke when ſuch an ebbe appeares,
No, let me ſwim in true repentant teares:

A Meditation on a Windmill.

OBſerve it alwaies tis the makers skill
To place the *windmill* on the *higheſt hill*;
It ſtands *unuſefull* till the *potent windes*
Puffe up the lofty ſayles and *then it grinds*:
Iuſt thus it is: the *hypocrite's* the mill,
His *actions ſayles*, *ambition is the hill*,
The *wind* that *drives* him is a *blaſt of fame*,
If blowne with this he runnes, if not hee's tame:
He ſtirres not till a puffe of *praiſe* doth fill
His ſailes: but then, O how he turnes the mill!
Lord drive me with thy Spirit, then Ile be
Thy windmill, and will grind a griſt for thee.

A Meditation on Organs.

HArke how the *organiſt* moſt ſweetely plaiēs
His *Pſalmes* upon the tone-divided Kayes:
Each *touch* a ſound, but if the hand don't come
And ſtrike the kayes, how ſoon's the muſicke dumbē!
A mod'rate ſtroke doth well, but if too hard
The Organ's broke, and all the raptures mard.
I am that Organ Lord, *and thou alone*
Canſt play, each *prayer* is a pleaſant tone,
Affliction is the hand that ſtrikes the kayes:
(O Lord from me the ſweeteſt muſicke raiſe;)
If thou don't *ſtrike* at all how can I ſpeake
Thy worthy prayſes, if too *hard* I breake:
Strike mildly Lord, ſtrike ſoft, and then Ile ſing,
And charoll out the glory of my King.

A Meditation on an Apes love.

VVHen once the fooliſh *Ape* hath fild her neſt
With little brats, there's one among the reſt,
Shee moſt *affects*: to ſhelter this from harmes,
Shee alwayes hugges it in her wanton armes.
Vntill at length ſhee ſqueezeth out the breath,
Of this her fondling, *Loves the cauſe of death*:
The *Worlds* this wanton *Ape*, that ſtill delights
In hugging ſome peculiar *favourites*,
Of thoſe that are thus dandled by this *Ape*,
There doth not *one among a thouſand ſcape.*

On contempt of the World.

ALoft O *ſoule*; ſoare up, doe not turmoyle
Thy ſelfe by grabbling on a dunghill ſoyle:
Toſſe up thy wings, and make thy ſoaring plumes
Outreach the loathſome ſtench and noyſome fumes
That ſpring from ſordid earth: come, come, and ſee
Thy birth, and *learne to know thy pedigree*:
What? waſt thou made of Clay? or doſt thou owe
Homage to earth? ſay, is thy bliſſe below?
Doſt know thy beauty? doſt thou not excell?
Can the Creation yeeld a *parallel*?
The world can't give a glaſſe to repreſent
Thy ſhape, and ſhall a durty element
Bewitch thee? thinke, is not thy birth moſt high?
Blowne from the mouth of *all the trinity*,

The

The breath of *all-creating Iove*, the beſt
Of all his workes, yea thee of all the reſt
He choſe to be his *Picture*: where can I
But in thy ſelfe ſee Immortality
'Mong all his earthly creatures? Thou art chiefe
Of all his workes: and ſhall the *world* turne theefe
And ſteale away thy love? wert not for thee
The heav'n aſpiring mountaine ſhould not bee,
The heavens ſhould have no gliſtring ſtarre, no light,
No *Sunne* to rule the day, no *Moone* the night:
The Globe had bin ('twas not the makers will
To make it for it ſelfe) a *Chaos* ſtill:
Thou art *Ioves prieſtly Aaron* to preſent
The creatures ſervice, while they give aſſent
By ſerving thee, why then's the world thy reſt?
'Tis but thy ſervants ſervant at the beſt:
It gives attendance to refined mirē,
That *Iove* hath wrapt thee in as thy attire;
For whats the body but a *lumpe of clay*
Carv'd neatly out, in which the ſoule beares ſway?
Tis ſervant to the ſoule: what limbe can ſtirre,
Nay darſt to quatch, if once ſhee make demurre?
See how the captiv'd members trembling ſtand
Wondrous ſubmiſſive to her dire command!
O how the legs doe runne with eager flight
To overtake the object of delight!
See how the armes doe graſpe as if they'd rent
To hold the thing that gives the ſoule content.
Why whats the body when the ſoule's away?
Nought but a ſtincking *carkaſſe made of clay*.
What's heav'n without a God? or what's the skye
If once bright *Phœbus* cloſe his radiant eye?

The world was for our *bodies*, they for none
But for our *ſoules*, our ſoules for *God* alone:
What madneſſe then for men of ſuch a birth
To nuzell all their dayes on dunghill earth,
Still hunting after with an eager ſent
An object which can never give content;
For what contentment in the world can lye,
That's onely *conſtant in inconſtancy?*
It *ebbes* and *flowes* each minute: thou maiſt brag
This day of thouſands, and to morrow beg:
The greateſt wealth is ſubject for to reele,
The globe is plac'd on *Fortunes* tottering wheele:
As when the gladding ſunne begins to ſhow
And ſcatter all his golden beames below,
A *churliſh* cloud ſoone meetes him in the way,
And ſads the beauty of the ſmiling day:
Or as a *ſtately ſhip* a while behaves
Her ſelfe moſt bravely on the ſlumbring waves,
And like a *Swanne* ſailes nimbly in her pride
The helpefull windes concording with the tide
To mend her pace: but by and by, the wind
The fretfull Seas, the heav'ns and all combin'd
Againſt this bragging barke, O how they fling
Her corkey ſides to heaven, and then they bring
Her backe: ſhee that ere while did ſayle ſo brave
Cutting the floods, now's toſt with every wave:
Iuſt ſo, the waving world gives joy and ſorrow,
This day a *Cræſus*, and a *Iob* to morrow:
How often have I ſeene the *miſer* bleſſe
Himſelfe in wealth, and count it for no leſſe
Then his adored God: ſtraight comes a frowne
Flying from unhappy fate, and whirleth downe

Him,

Him, and his heapes of gold, and all that prize
Is loſt, which he but now did *Idolize*.
But grant the world (as never 'twill) to be
A thing moſt ſure moſt full of conſtancy,
What is thy wealth unleſſe thy God doth bleſſe
Thy ſtore, and turne it to a happineſſe?
What though thy *Table* be compleatly ſpread
With farre-fetcht dainties, and the pureſt bread
That fruitfull earth can yeeld? all this may bee,
If thou no *ſtomacke* haſt, what's all to thee?
What though thy *habitation* ſhould excell
In beauty, and were *Edens* parallel?
Thou being peſterd with ſome dire *diſeaſe*,
How can thy ſtately dwelling give thee eaſe?
Thy joyes will turne thy griefe, thy freedome thrall,
Vnleſſe thy God above doth ſweeten all:
When thou (poore ſoule) lieſt ready to depart,
And hear'ſt thy *Conſcience* ſnarling at thine heart,
Though heapes of gold ſhould in thy coffers lye,
And all thy worthleſſe friends ſtand whining by,
'Tis none, 'tis none of theſe can give thee health,
But thou muſt languiſh in the midſt of wealth.
Then ceaſe thou mad man and purſue no more
The world, and know ſhee's but a painted whore,
Thou catcheſt *ſhadowes*, labourſt in thy *dreames*,
And thirſt's amongſt th' *imaginary ſtreames*.

A Meditation on a meane.

LOrd in exceſſe I ſee there often lies
Great dangers, and in wants *great miſeries*:
Send me a *meane*, doe thou my wayes preſerve,
For I may *ſurfet* Lord, as well as *ſtarve*.

On Sathans tempting Eve.

ART thou turn'd Fencer *Sathan*? prethee ſay?
Surely thou art not active at thy play.
Challenge a *Woman*? fie thou art to blame,
Suppoſe thou getſt the day, thou getſt no fame.
But prethee ſpeake, haſt any cauſe to prate?
Thou *bruis'd her heele*, what though? ſhee *broke thy pate*.

On a Spunge.

THe *Spunge* it ſelfe drinkes water till it ſwell it,
But never empties till ſome ſtrength *expell* it:
Lord, of our ſelves we're apt to *ſoake in ſinne*,
But thou art faine to *ſqueeze it out agin*.

On Cain *and* Abels *offerings.*

ART angry *Cain*? what doe thy thoughts repine?
Is *Abels* offring better tooke then thine?
Didſt not thou bring thy God a lovely prize
And *crowne* his Altar with a ſacrifice,
Art not thou elder? did not thy offring too
Come from thy God? what more could *Abell* doe?
Ile tell thee Cain *how* Abel *got the ſtart,*
He with his offring, offered up his heart.

On an Apprentices Boxe.

THe Prentiſe after all his yearely painēs,
Filleth his ſmall mouth'd box with *Chriſtmas* gaines,
Yet though he fill his box unto the brim
Vnleſſe he breake it up, whats all to him?
A *miſer's ſuch a Boxe*, thats nothing worth,
Till *death doth breake* it up, then all comes forth:
Convert good God, or ſtrike with ſome diſeaſe,
Breake up ſuch ſmall mouth'd boxes, Lord as theſe.

On Eves *Apple.*

EVE for thy fruite thou gav'ſt too deare a price,
What? for an Apple give a *Paradiſe*?
If now a dayes of fruite ſuch gaines were made
A *Coſtermonger* were *a devilliſh trade.*

On a faire house having ill passage to it.

A House to which the builders did impart
The full perfection of their curious art,
Most bravely furnisht, in whose roomes did lye,
Footeclothes of Velvet, and of tapestry;
I wondred at (as who could not but doe it)
To see so rough so hard a passage to it:
So *Lord* I know thy heaven's a glorious placē,
Wherein the beauty of thy glistring face
Inlightens all: thou in the wals dost fixe,
The *Iasper* and the *purest sardonyx*,
Thy gates are *pearles*, and every dore beset
With *Saphires*, *Emeralds*, and the *Chrysolet*:
Each Subject weares a crowne, the which he brings
And flings it downe to thee, the King of Kings.
But why's the way so thorny? tis great pitty
The passage is no wider to thy Citty,
Poore *Daniel* through his den and *Shadrake's* drivēn
With his associates through the *fire* to Heaven,
But yet we can't complaine, we may recall
The time to minde when there was none at all,
T'was *Christ* that made this way, and shall we bē
Who are his Servants, farre more nice then he?
No, Ile adventure too, nay, Ile get in,
Ile tracke my Captaine thorow thicke and thin.

FINIS.

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